THE INDEPENDENT.

CHOOSING SIDES.

In a sunny little school room, that I remember well,
A row of little boys and girls are standing up to spell.
The low brown door was open, and across the meadow green
Came glimpses of the forest and the brook that lay between.
And as I sat with dreamy eyes, and watched the silver gleam
Of the waving locust blossoms that to childish fancy seem
Like the banners of the angels, borne aloft against the sky,
My heart was full of shadows, and I'll tell the reason why.

'Twas "spelling day," and Harry Lane, the lad I loved the best,
Who smiled upon me every morning sweeter than the rest,
Had chosen fine and dark-eyed Kate as champions on his side,
And thus to me came lesson first in woman's wounded pride.
Why marvel that a mystic veil obscures the summer sky,
And shadows in the doorway seemed to mock my deep despair;
The woman's heart in girlhood has its embryo hopes and fears,
With throes of tender passion, that mature in after years.

But ere the gathering tear drops fell, the music of his voice
Rang out like soft toned silver bells that made my heart rejoice,
And little May was chosen next to fill the vacant place,
With smiles of pleasure chasing fast the sadness from her face.
I call to mind, though long ago, that summer afternoon,
The glance of love he gave me as I crossed that little room,
And stranger still—my heart yet thrills with happiness and pride
As when he gently pressed my hand, while standing by my side.

Another summer afternoon, but links of life between
The golden chain of childhood and the years that intervene,
And Harry Lane, a lad no more, but a man of courtly grace,
Was questioning with eager eyes a happy, blushing face;
But not within the school-room now, for 'neath the locust blooms,
That toss abroad their glad arms and drop their fragrant plumes.
We stand—and one would scarcely think he's "choosing sides" to-day.
But that it is for life—he says—and chooses little May.

TIBBY AND TOSEY.

Kitty had been to the charity ball, and the charity ball was very fashionable, there was no doubt about that. Kitty had eaten a late supper, returned home, gone to bed and to sleep; there was no doubt of that. She recollected distinctly throwing one shoe under the bed and the other into a corner, saying "Good night" to her own figure in the looking glass, twisting the figure of a butterfly till her fingers ached before she discovered that it was not the gas-stopper, and then laughing sleepily at all her mistakes. She even remembered the first dream of her sleep, which was something about charity diamonds, chicken-salad, lancers and ice-cream waltzes.

No; there was no doubt that she had gone through all this; yet there she was, staring in at the windows of the great ball-room, and the ball was just commencing. Could she have gone to sleep on the window-sill in some mysterious manner. No; she was outside and standing in the air, with somebody holding on to her hand!

"Oh, dear," thought Kitty, mournfully, "I must have drank some wine somehow. How strange it is! I wonder how I came here! But what colds hands hold mine; it's not papa's, for it makes me shiver. He must be horrid. I won't look at him. So!"

There did not seem to be much need of the resolve, however, for the person who held her hand did not move nor seem to care whether she saw him or not, but quietly looked in with her. So, at last, like most girls, Kitty's curiosity got the better of her, and she cautiously glanced out of the corners of her eyes.

Beside her she saw an old man. His beard and hair were long and white, and dropped about his neck and shoulders, like falling snow. Upon his head was lightly placed a crown as of frost-work, so delicate was its texture. Robes, long and dark, and cold to look at, fell in broad folds from his shoulders, and were held to his waist by a girdle of twinkling stars. He was gazing in at the brilliant assemblage with a sad, melancholy look upon his face.

Kitty looked at his robes.

"How very old-fashioned!" she thought "and aged, very aged."

"Yes," murmured the old man; "old, very old."

Kitty started. He read her thoughts, evidently. She was sorry now she had thought it, he looked so sad.

"Who are you?" asked Kitty, timidly, "and why have you brought me here?"

"I am the Cold Night," said the old man, slowly turning his eyes toward her. His eyes were sharp and piercing, yet full of kindness. "And have brought you here that you might see how great your charity is, for I heard this was a charity-ball."

"Yes," said Kitty nervously.

"I am a friend of the poor," continued the Cold Night; "and I love to see charity." He looked back into the ball-room as he spoke. "You see all your friends here?"

"Yes," said Kitty brightening up and gazing inside with something of a proud look. "There's Flowery Hall right before the window now. She has those beautiful solitaire diamonds in her ears now. Oh, dear, how bright they look, I wish I had them."

"But you had the handsomest dress," said the Cold night, sadly.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Kitty, quickly, "It was of the richest silk and cost several hundred dollars. Papa was so kind."

"And it was bought for charity?" asked the Cold Night.

"Why, no, for me, of course." answered Kitty, in surprise.

"But the ball is for charity?"

Kitty began to be bewildered by so much catechising, and she was much relieved when he led her away.

They descended to the grand entrance, where he pointed to two little beggars, a boy and a girl, who fiddled and sang, and asked a penny of all the rich people descending from their carriages.

"You passed them by to-night?"

"Yes, but they are horrid beggars," said Kitty. The Cold night was silent; and Kitty was afraid she might have said something wrong, so she added:

"And common street fiddlers."

But the Cold Night said nothing.

They both watched the little duo, Tosey and Tibby, the Cold Night and drew nearer to hear what they would say. People, rich with money and great in charity carefully passed them by, for they were ragged beggars and fiddled and sang. It was cold, very cold; and Tosey played very, very slowly, while the breath of Tibby's quivering plaint disappeared despairingly on the frosty air. The wheels of carriages seemed to creak in sympathy as they crushed down in the snow. Yes, it was cold indeed, yet they fiddled and sang untiringly, while the rich people alighted and passed up the grand entrance, after glancing contemptuously at the poor little duo, who fiddled and sang as the brilliant dresses disappeared in the distant doorway; but finally stopped as the last carriage drove away.

"I suppose we looks too awful," said Tosey, wetting his lips and feeling vacantly in his small pocket, which God knows, had not seen as much as a dime for many and many a day.

"Yes," said Tibby, "but I does feel so hungry, and I sang so loud, and I tried so hard—"

Tibby slightly sobbed and silently used a small piece of her shawl to wipe away a big tear.

"Don't cry," said Tosey, tremulously, "let's move on, and perhaps we'll find a little somethin'. Oh, if we only had a few pennies!"

Tosey took Tibby's hand and they started to move away.

"Oh! Mr. Cold Night," said Kitty sorrowfully, "let me give them something—poor little things!"

"But they are beggars." answered the Cold Night.

Kitty looked ashamed. She could feel herself blush, even though she was cold and shivering. The Cold Night handed her a piece of silver.

"Yes," said he, "drop it, even if it is wasted. See what they will do."

Kitty took it quickly and dropped it before them. Right at Tibby's foot fell the money, which she would have passed unnoticed if Tosey had not exclaimed:

"Oh, Tibby, there's a dime!" and picked it up.

Tibby clasped her hands in delight, danced up and down and then looked into his hand, to be sure that it was really there. It was surely.

"Won't we have a hot potato, though," said Tosey.

"And a big roll, and some butter, and some meat, and just a very little piece of pie?"

Tibby named each of them on the ends of her fingers, but stopped when she got to her thumb, for the money was all gone by that time, and the thumb was quite large.

"But how did it come there?" asked Tosey.

"Could it have growed?" suggested Tibby.

"No," said Tosey.

"Fell from the sky?"

"Guess not," said Tosey, dubiously.

"Or been flunged?"

"Oh, no, of course not!" Tosey answered emphatically.

They both looked hungrily at the piece of money, and began to count together what lots of things they could buy; and their faces grew bright, indeed, as they thought of it.

From the shades of the opposite side of the entrance, a thin bundle of rags slowly crept, and steadily shuffled up to them. Out of the dirt and rags peered a thin face and glistening eyes, and the hands of the small bundle wearily rubbed themselves together, to try and stir up the blood that was not there.

"This is a charity ball," said the thin bundle. "These folks dance for the poor." The glistening eyes looked eagerly at Tosey and Tibby, and frequently glanced at the money in their hands. "We is poor and dances for us and me mother, who is sick abed, they dances to give us the bread which we seldom has."

Tosey looked in suprise at the thin bundle rubbing its hands.

"And does they dress in since closes for us, and ride in carriages, and give lots of money, and all for us?"

The thin bundle rubbed faster and faster.

"Yes, if there's any more than as pays for the dancin' and the dressin'; and the dancin' costs ten dollars a piece, and the dressin' I dunnol It's all for us—if there's any left."

"But they didn't give us any when I sang," said Tibby.

"Lors no!" said the thin bundle; "they has folks as hunts up poor folks when they has time, and sews flannels when they hasn't. Yes, they says they does all this for us, but—" The bundle shook its head as if doubtful, and continued:

"I stood over yonder thinkin' somebody would give me sumthin'; but they all looked mad at me, and I went back into the shadder and watched 'em. It was a big sight, and I am jest as hungry." The hands stopped rubbing, and the eyes looked wet as the bundle added: "My mother is very, very sick. We's poor—so poor."

Tosey looked at her little sister as the rags began to shuffle away.

"Tibby, does we feel so awful hungry?" said he.

Tibby hesitated. She looked at the silver, and then the slowly retreating figure, and then she looked up into Tosey's gentle, loving face.

"No, Tosey, I dunno as I does."

Tosey turned round, and running after the departing figure, handed her the piece of money.

"There," said he, "take it; you need it worse nor we does."

The bundle looked in surprise as she took the piece, and tears fell down the thin, pale face. But she only said:

"I'm very, very grateful," and walked off.

The two little musicians watched the figure as it disappeared in the darkness, while the happy shuffle grew fainter and fainter.

Ah, there was charity, God-like charity, in the hearts of the beings the rich despised and thrust out of their doors.

As the Cold Night turned toward Kitty, he found her silently wiping her eyes.

"Do you see what true charity is?" asked he, in a sweet, sympathetic voice.

"Yes, yes, I see," murmured Kitty.

While they were talking they had slowly risen up, to the brilliant windows again.

"Now look at the mockery," said the Cold Night, somewhat harshly.

It was the most brilliant hour of the ball. Light from myriads of jets, embedded in massive chandeliers, sparkled with dazzling intensity, making the brightest day of gloomy night. People decked with jewels and silks and laces, were gathered in merry groups, or joining in pleasurable dance to the strains of sweet and lively music. It was a beautiful sight indeed; but somehow, the people looked heartless to Kitty, and the jewels glittered spitefully, while the rich silks seemed to hiss and hiss as they rustled along, as if all were rebelling against their false use.

"But one more act," said the Cold Night, leading her gently down to the opposite side of the street.

From a dark corner, with their arms twined about each other's neck, the two little beggars watched the windows of the brilliantly lighted hall—away up in the sky it seemed—watched the gay figures that frequently appeared in rich, dainty dresses, and smiled to think that it was all for the poor and needy.

"They dances for us and for others," murmured Tibby, "for those as in want. Maybe the beautiful ladies will find us here to-morrow, and give us some bread."

"Yes," said Tosey; "and the poor little girl as had the sick mother. P'haps they'll find them, and help them, too.

The Cold Night waved his hand above them, and they both shivered, and said how cold it was. Tosey tried to play a note on his violin, but the strings creaked so dismally that he laid it aside. Then they sang together the sweet little song of charity which Tibby had sung to the rich people; and, as they sang, the Cold Night spread his mantle slowly around them until they were fast asleep.

"Oh, sir!" cried Kitty, "spare them, and let them live."

"No," said Cold Night, "they are too poor to live. They must die."

Kittie fell on her knees before him.

"Oh, sir," she pleaded beseechingly, "I am rich and will take care of them, and relieve them from suffering."

But the Cold Night raised his hand and pointed upward, saying:

"To late, to late?"

As he spoke he took the beggars in his arms, slowly rose up toward the stars and leaving Kitty sobbing on the ground. As she knelt there she heard, high in the skies, the song that the beggars sang, the song of sweet charity, swelling to a mighty chorus, as one would think to celebrate a mighty deed—mighty in the sight of heaven. She tried to rise her head but could not, she seemed bound to the earth by a great weight, as of gold, while above the song grew fainter and fainter, till at last it ceased, then she fell into a deep swoon.

It was broad daylight when Kitty awoke, and the sun was shining brightly into her window. In the hall the maid humming a subdued song as she went blithely about her work; while without the white smoke of morning fires—signs of stirring life—curled upwards from the chimney-tops into the cool air as if glad to meet the light of day.

"It was only a dream; yet, oh, how vivid?" thought Kitty, as she rubbed her eyes again and again, surprised to see the walls of her own pretty room actually around her.

"Only a dream, only a dream; yet how full of truth!" cheerily rang the milkman's bell as Kitty donned her morning dress; while, as she passed down the broad staircase the great hall clock seemed to say:

"Only a dream, only a dream; yet there's a lesson, yet there's a lesson;" and Kitty pondered.

A year from that time Kitty passed by the same old clock; but this time it said as it ticked, ticked away:

"Only a dream yet it's made her an angel—angel of mercy to suffering need." Her name so dear to us, is a name of love among the poor. Ah, happy, happy was the day when, to her eyes, a dream revealed true charity.

Captain Kidd.

"Was Captain Kidd a Pirate?" is the subject of an essay read by Douglas Campbell at the St. Nicholas Club of New York, the author taking the ground that Kidd, instead of a free-booter and murderer, as he is painted, was, in reality, a loyal subject of the King, and fell a victim to the political persecution of his friend and Whig patron, Lord Somers, by the Tory lords, who came into power in the last days of William III. Kidd was by birth an Irishman or Scotchman (for both coth countries claimed him) who distinguished himself as a privateer commander in the war against the French, and with the wealth acquired from privateering settled in New York. His house was in Liberty street, near Nassau. During the Lister anarchy, which preceded the arrival of the Earl of Belmont, Kidd rendered the city valuable services, for which the Governor and Assembly presented him with £150. So great was his reputation as a successful naval officer that the colony of Massachusetts, in 1691, tried to hire him to take charge of an expedition against a privateer which was then ravaging the coasts. Piracy and free-booting had then grown to a most alarming extent, especially in the Indian Ocean. Many of them were *soi-distant* privateers from New York and other American colonies, who, beginning with the pursuit of French and Spanish ships, in the end extending those operations to those of all nations. It was to put down these "Red Sea men," as they were called, that Kidd was sent out in the Adventure galley with his crew of scapegraces and desperados. Among his patrons and partners in the expedition were Somers, Halifax, and the powerful Whig Lords, and even the King himself offered to invest $6000 in the undertaking. Arrived at the Indian Ocean, Kidd found his insubordinate crew more ready to take sides with the pirates than to fight them. He captured some vessels which he claimed were sailing under French papers. It was his misfortune that his mutinous crew prevented his taking them before a prize court. After the capture of the Quedagh, merchant, owned by Moors, and which was made the basis of the principal charge against him, ninety of his crew deserted him and joined the pirates. The others endeavored to persuade him by threats to turn pirate and take the Royal Captain, an armed English ship, which was sailing in his company. Kidd steadily refused, and in an altercation growing out of the affair, he struck William Moore, one of his petty officers, over the head with a bucket, inflicting fatal injuries. He was recalled to Boston, where Lord Bellmond took his papers containing the French papers of the ships he had captured, and which he was never after able to obtain, though his life depended upon their production. While he was gone the Whigs had suffered defeat in the parliamentary elections, and a Tory minister had come in, eager to revenge themselves on the Whig chancellor, Somers, by proving Kidd a pirate and then impleading Somers for having affixed the great seal of England to Kidd's commission. Kidd, who had now assumed the dignity of a State prisoner, was taken to England in the man-of-war Active, which had been dispatched to bring him. The Lords of Admirality, the sworn enemies of th Lord Chancellor, subjected him to a long and tortuous examination, in which they strove to induce him to implicate the Lord Chancellor in his transactions, but without effect. Kidd's fidelity was not to be shaken. On the 30th of March, 1701, he was ordered for trial at the old Bailey, and two days later Simon Harcourt, the Tory leader in the House of Commons, introduced the resolutions impeaching Somers. The former articles, which were not submitted till two months later, after Kidd's trial and conviction, charged the Lord Chancellor with being implicated with "William Kidd, a person of evil fame and reputation, and since that time convicted of piracy." Kidd was really hanged in order to carry out the impeachment of Somers. His trial, in which he was denied access to his papers and confronted by a host of law lords and King's counsel, all anxious for his conviction, was a monstrous farce. Even his two sailors, who turned informers, were forced to admit, on cross-examination, that Moore was killed in an angry altercation and in a manner that showed no premeditation or intention to cause death. Kidd was denied counsel, was hampered by legal tricks, and browbeaten and overpowered by the six partial judges on the bench and the five cunning lawyers opposed to him. His trial was "railroaded." It began May 8th, two verdicts, one of "murder" and the other "piracy," were brought in on the 9th, and on the 12th, three days following, Kidd was hanged in Execution Dock. The impeachment of Somers, which the Tories had thought to carry, by the aid of Kidd's death, failed, the House of Lords throwing out the articles. History has done full justice to the character of the great Whig Chancellor, while that of his friend, William Kidd, the New York sailor, has for six generations rested under undeserved ignominy.

Machine Calculation.

Arithmometer is the name of a calculating machine about which the average business American knows little, if anything. Indeed, it is considerably doubtful whether more than two or three of these brain-saving instruments have ever made their way across the Atlantic. Probably there are many models of computing devices stored away in the Patent Office, for the idea of the practicability of such things has long been common property, and they have been evolved from the ingenuity of ambitious mechanicians in profuse variety. The builders of some of them had the correct principle in view, but their machines would not apply it unfailingly. The primary principle upon which others were constructed were faulty, and, therefore, no matter how beautifully the springs and cog-wheels operated, their processes and results were anything but mathematical and satisfactory.

The first mechanical calculator that has honorable mention in authentic records was devised by a Frenchman nearly 250 years ago. Thus far the skill of man has failed to improve upon the principle which it embodied. The arithmometer that is now gradually working its way into public favor, is constructed upon the same old principle. It makes acquaintances with the greatest diffidence, but it is so true to its promise that, once the opportunity is given it ingratiates itself with itt master beyond the danger of repudiation. It is manufactured only in Paris, and costs, according to grade based upon capacity, from $75 to $100. It does not do all kinds of arithmetical work, but, being above trifles, is intended to solve only the vaster problems that would otherwise require tedious and exhaustive labor. In the line of its natural duty it will accomplish in a few minutes with absolute correctness what would take a lively accountant several hours to perform.

This honest and convenient little automaton does not profess to be of much use save for simple multiplication and division. These, however, are the processesses which draw most heavily and frequently upon the ordinary computer's time and patience. The machine multiplies and divides through the processes of addition and subtraction, which, as is well known among arithmeticians, when repeated again and again, amount to multiplication and division. The average-sized instrument will give a product of sixteen figures. In a few seconds it may be adjusted to work a long sum, after which, by several rapid movements of a handle, the answer will be made to appear. It will draw ratios and percentages and reduce numbers from one denomination to another, such as francs to cents, tons to ounces, etc. But it will only do this through the decimal system of computation. In making intricate calculations of probabilities, as is necessary in the science of insurance, it has been found invaluable.

An exchange says a French duel consists of a challenge, a ride to some retired spot, two pistol shots in the air, and a supper.

Louise is coming back, and Lorne has had all the empty bottles thrown into the Ottowa river, and is straightening up things generally.

Talleyrand and His Miserable Marriage.

Mme. de Remusat in her memoirs after telling how Napoleon compelled Talleyrand to marry Mme. Grand, who had a husband living, thus sketches the Prince's behavior in this embarrassing position; in the situation in which he was placed by his marriage he had to take constant precaution to escape, as far as possible, from the ridicule which was always suspended over him. No doubt he managed better than others might have done in such a position. Profound silence respecting his private troubles, an appearance of complete indifference to the foolish things which his wife was always saying, and the blunders which she was always making, a haughty demeanor to those who ventured to smile at him or her, extreme politeness, which was called benevolence, great social influence and political weight, a large fortune, unalterable patience under insult, and great dexterity in taking his revenge, were the weapons with which he met the general condemnation; and, notwithstanding his great faults, the public have never dared to despise him. Nevertheless, it is not to be supposed that he has not paid the private penalty of his imprudent conduct. Deprived of domestic happiness, almost at variance with his family, who could not associate with Mme. de Talleyrand he was obliged to resort to an entirely fictitious existence in order to escape from the dreariness of his home, and perhaps from the bitterness of his secret thoughts. Public affairs occupied him, and such leisure as they left him he gave to play. He was always attended by a crowd of followers, and by giving his mornings to business, his evenings to society and his nights to cards, he never exposed himself to a tiresome tete a tete with his wife, or to the dangers of solitude, which would have brought serious reflection. Bent on getting away from himself, he never sought sleep until he was quite sure that extreme fatigue would enable him to procure it. The Emperor did not make up for the obligation which he had imposed on him by his conduct to Mme. de Talleyrand. He treated her coldly, ever rudely; never admitted her to the distinctions of the rank to which she was raised without making a difficulty about it; and did not disguise the repugnance with which she inspired him, even while Talleyrand still possessed his entire confidence. Talleyrand bore all this, never allowed the slightest complaint to escape him, and arranged so that his wife should appear but seldom at court. She received all distinguished foreigners on certain days, and on certain other days the government officials. She made no visits, none were exacted from her; in fact, she counted for nothing. Provided each person bowed to her on entering and leaving his salon, Talleyrand asked no more. Let me say, in conclusion, that he always seemed to bear with perfectly resigned courage the fatal "en l'as voulu" of Moliere's comedy." I did not know Mme. Grand in the prime of her life and beauty, but I have heard it said that she was one of the most charming women of her time. She was tall, and her figure had all the suppleness and grace so common to women born in the East. Her complexion was dazzling, her eyes of the brightest hue and her slightly retrousse nose gave her, singularly enough, a look of Talleyrand himself. Her fair golden hair was of a proverbial beauty. I think she was about 36 when she married M. de Talleyrand. The elegance of her figure was already slightly injured by her becoming stout. This afterward increased, and by degrees her features lost their delicacy, and her complexion became very red. The tone of her voice was disagreeable, her manners were abrupt; she was of an unamiable disposition, and so intolerably stupid that she never by any chance said the right thing. Talleyrand's intimate friends were the objects of her particular dislike, and they cordially detested her. Her elevation gave her little happiness, and what she had to suffer never excited anybody's interest.

Bread Making in Spain.

The bread of the south of Spain is delicious; it is white as snow, close as cake, and yet very light; the flour is most admirable, for the wheat is good and pure, and the bread well kneaded. The way they make this bread is as follow: From large, round panniers filled with wheat, they take out a handful at a time, sorting it most carefully and expeditiously, and throwing every defective grain into another basket. This done, the wheat is ground between two circular stones, as it was ground two thousand years ago, the requisite rotary motion being given by a blindfolded mule, which paces around and around with untiring patience, a bell being attached to the neck, which, as long as he is in movement, tinkles on; and when it stops he urged on to his duty by the shout of "arra mula," from some one within hearing. When ground, the wheat is sifted through three sieves, the last of these being so fine that only the pure flour can pass through it; this is of a pale apricot color. The bread is made in the evening. It is mixed with only sufficient water with a little salt in it, to make into dough; a very small quantity of leaven or fermenting mixture is added. But to avoid the trouble of kneading, many put in as much leaven or yeast as one batch of household bread is in Spain would last a week for six or eight donkey loads of bread they send every day from their oven. The dough is made, it is put into sacks and carried on the donkey's backs to the oven in the center of the village, so as to bake it immediately it is kneaded. On arriving there the dough is divided into portions weighing three pounds each. Two long, narrow wooden tables on trestles are then placed down the room, and a curious sight may be seen. About twenty men—bakers—come in and range themselves on one side of the table. A lump of dough is handed to the nearest, which he begins kneading and knocking about with all his might for about three or four minutes, and then he passes it on to his neighbor, who does the same, and so on successively until all have kneaded it, when it becomes as soft as new putty and ready for the oven. Of course as soon as the first baker handed the first lump to his neighbor another lump was handed him, and so on until the whole quantity of dough is kneaded by them all. The bakers' wives and daughters shape the loaves for the oven, and some or them are very small. They are baked immediately. The ovens are very large, and are not heated by fires under them, but a quantity of twigs of the herbs of sweet marjoram and thyme, which cover the hills in great profusion, are put in the oven and ignited. They heat the oven to any extent required, and as the bread gets baked the oven gets gradually cooler, so the bread is never burned. They knead the break in Spain with such force that the palm of the hand and the second joints of the fingers of the bakers are covered with corns, and it so affects the chest that they cannot work more than two hours at a time.

ANOTHER SNAKE STORY.—A gentleman in this county gives us the following account of a horned snake: He states that while hoeing in a field of corn he saw a large snake crawling along with his head and tail raised about eighteen inches from the ground. He decided to kill the snake, and, raising his hoe, started in pursuit. The snake, seeing him, turned back to meet his foe, when the gentleman, considering prudence the better part of valor, turned to his heels and fled, the snake in pursuit. A large white oak tree was standing not far off, and to this he made his way. Just as he jumped behind the tree the snake struck at him, and the horn, about two inches long, was buried in the tree. The snake, unable to get his horn out of the tree, was killed. The strangest part of the affair is that in six hours the leaves on the tree, which had been perfectly green and flourishing, began to wither, and in less than twelve hours was perfectly dead. The gentleman who relates the above is a reliable farmer.—[Journal.

When some years ago an eminent Australian was inspecting in that country a lunatic asylum, miserably defective in construction and appointment, he asked what the special feature in the lunacy of a certain patient. "He thinks he is in hell, sir," was the reply. "If that's all the delusion," was the rejoinder, "I think he has a very substantial basis for it."

Staring at Women.

"An Old Traveler" sends to London *Truth* of the 23d of January the following lively letter:

I believe civilized people generally agree that a fixed prolonged stare and ontspoken criticism in the presence of the criticised, are uncivilized acts. Many persons imagine that a stony British stare is confined to the British Isles; this is by no means the case. I and my wife have been making a prolonged tour of Germany and Italy. My wife is a strikking-looking person, especially in these days of plain women, and is much younger than I am, quiet in manner and dress, although she has ample means of indulging in "toilettes' (I believe that is the right word), and dislikes attracting notice. I must say the fixed, rude staring she has met with in Italy and Germany amounts to brutality; and the criticisms she has provoked have surprised me. More than that, certain Christians and Christianessess have gone beyond staring (much as an ill-tempered cow stares at a human being in a field—as if she would like to make a rush at him and annihilate him), and have hazarded impertinent remarks about her. Sir, this is truly infamous! What! because a woman is attractive or dresses well, or has a pair of large, soft eyes that can look at what she sees in a strange country with vivacity and intelligence, is she to be branded by evil beings who listen to the promptings of their own bad hearts—who do not believe in innocence or goodness simply because they are bad themselves? The nineteenth century Christians have none of that "charity which thinking no evil."

As to women—well, talent and beauty are not wayside flowers in any country. In Rome I have seen a few fine or picturesque heads, but in very many parts of Italy the women are simply hideous. It is easy to see that they spring from different or mixed races—Lombards, Tuetons, etc.; skin, hair, eyes, all of the same indefinite shade of dirty blonde; big nose, mouth without shape, *tout ensemble* very ordinary. If I saw one or two handsome women in Rome, most assuredly I did not see one solitary even good-looking woman in Germany. They all have the forehead anti-classic, small, hard, round eyes, set much too close together (never have I seen a German with soft eyes); nose so long that one might say it never ends, and so pointed that it is more like a toothpick than a nose; lips so thin, they are a mere sketch of lips; lantern-shaped faces, so lanterny they are certain Indian tribes, who compress the faces of their children in order to produce a lantern phiz. Well, they didn't make their faces, but they did make their bad manners, and their evil hearts make their faces look uglier than even nature did.

It is high time for men to leave off imagining that because a woman looks in their direction she is, therefore, admiring them, or, if she has handsome eyes, that she is making eyes at them because she glances their way. I can assure you this fond delusion does not exist only among Arry and his pals. Theodore, Fritz and Alphonese have it to the full as much, and are just as big cads. Write down and crush under foot the cads of all nations, dear *Truth*. It is very hard that the only women who are allowed to enjoy themselves in peace and quietness are plain 'governessy' women and that bagmen and wine merchants, and people of that stamp, who seem to make up the staple of tourists now-a days, and infest the best hotels (when I first traveled only "good families" traveled), should presume to stare at and discuss a lady as if she were a bar-maid.

The Ruffianism of Old Dublin.

Tradition tells how Fighting Fitzgerald, an exquisite and duellist of the last century, dealt with the "bucks," a plague then infesting the streets of Dublin, and indeed the street of every town in Ireland. These "bucks" were half-bred young fellows of some means and high animal spirits, whose sole occupation consisted in making town life intolerable to quiet people. Parliament was once more compelled to frame penal enactments with the view of restraining their peculiar ruffianism; but as there was no properly constituted police to enforce them these statutes were of small effect.

Among the tricks of the Dublin bucks was this: One of them would stand in the middle of a crossing on a dirty day, and, drawing his sword, thrust everybody who wanted to pass in the mud. It was a common thing to see half a dozen or more of these unpleasant sentries lining a thoroughfare all ready to afford each other support. Nor were they content with merely obstructing the passage. They knocked off hats, ripped up garments and pricked the limbs of the wearers with the points of their weapons, and broke ribald jests on them the while—to the amusement of the ragmuffins who used to collect in the vicinity. If anybody turned on one of these bullies the rest would rush up and form a circle round him; then seizing him by the collar and arms they would prick him about the legs until they considered him punished sufficiently.

Fitzgerald proposed to some of his brother exquisites and fire-eaters that they should clear the streets of the metropolis of these pests. It was just the sort of proposal to to suit such daring spirits, and an association was immediately formed to carry it out. Like their leader, they were consummate swordsmen, and dandies of the first water—the Dandy being in all essentials the antipodes of the buck—a distinction which the people who write about the Ireland of the past are very apt to forget.

The association set to work most heartily, and in this way: Whenever a fine afternoon followed a showery morning, they would sally forth in knots of four or five, each being followed by a lusty valet carrying an oak sappling. On reaching the haunts of the bucks, the servant kept the rabble off while the exquisites did the work they had undertaken. For a couple of months few days passed without three or four affrays between the bucks and the dandies, in which the former came out second-best. Ere long, the mainstay of the bucks, the mob, turned against them too. This meant that defeat was sure to be followed by hooting and pelting with mud and stones. Then the pleasant pastime of blocking the thoroughfares in broad daylight was abandoned.—*Cornhill.*

The risk of sudden death, says the *Journal of Chehistry*, is very trifling compared with the inevitable injury sustained by every individual who has to make a long journey by rail. The traveler really takes his life in his hand whenever he sets out. The danger is less from accident than design, less from misplaced switches than from misplaced ventilators, less from bad road-beds than from bad air. We are not now speaking of the barbaric nuisance of having to smell, breathe and bathe in the smoke, soot and cinders pouring from the engine, which, until some other method is found to obviate the difficulty, ought to be in the rear of the train instead of the front. Of all conductors, brakemen, porters and passengers, probably not one in a thousand understands the vital importance of pure air, nor do they know what pure air is. To the conductor's mind, as to that of the majority of his passengers, the comfort of the car depends upon the temperature—it is a matter of warmth and cold entirely. A warm car, or more commonly a hot car, is the one desideratum, albeit the warmth is the product of animal heat from fifty bodies, many of them not very clean, and of exhalations from fifty pair of lungs, with little chance for the escape of vitiated air or the ingress of pure air—a condition of things tending to produce a state of "blue blood" not contemplated by the *haut ton*. When the life current comes up to the lungs to be changed from blue to red, to throw off there the carbonic acid and take in oxygen—and the whole volume of blood makes this circuit once in every half-minute, or over one hundred times an hour—if there is a lack of sufficient ventilation in the car or sitting-room or sleeping-room, the blood cannot undergo this vital transformation. It goes back to the heart, and from thence is pumped through the arteries from crown to sole, throughout the complicated mesh-work of the capillaries, in a state entirely unfitted to perform its functions of supplying oxygen to all parts of the body, of carrying off the waste particles resulting from the "never ceasing death" of the atoms composing the body, and of replacing these with fresh, living atoms, or, as it is usually put, "repairing the waste."

A Story of Donner Lake.

In the good old days of '64, when the excitement was in its flush, the now quiet shore of Donner Lake was the scene of bustle and life. Great "mountain schooners," drawn by five and six span of mules or horses, daily passed along its northern shore, and two six-horse daily stages rattled over the smooth road which was kept free from dust by sprinkling wagons, and which a large force kept constantly in repair. This was known as the Dutch Flat road, the site where Truckee now stands being covered with barren rocks and trees with the exception of one solitary house. There were three hotels near the shore of of the lake, a store and a half dozen dwelling houses, and a constant stream travelers offered their patronage.

Among the settlers at the foot of the lake was a man named Lane, who came with his family in an emigrant train across the plains. He camped at the lake, and being short of means was glad of an opportunity offered him of laying in a winter's supply of wood for the hotel, which took many weeks.

A half-breed Indian, known among the whites as Joe, hung around the hotel, and for some cause Joe and Lane had a quarrel, in which the Indian was worsted. Days passed, and it was supposed that the affair was forgotten; but the dogged Indian nature clung close to him and showed itself. The insatiable desire for revenge was in his heart. Joe lurked around the place, and one afternoon the wife of Lane discovered that her eldest child was missing from the camp—this was an adopted child, being the child of Lane's deceased sister.

Search was instituted high and low through the woods, and over the mountain and down Donner creek. All hands were on the track. It was known that the Indian was the cause of the child's disappearance, but the Indian disappeared at the same time, and a camp a mile from the lake was thoroughly searched and vigilantly guarded—but all to no avail. The child had been in the habit of playing near the lake, and, after a vigilant search, it was the generally accepted theory among the settlers that he must have been drowned.

Time passed, and hope began to fade. But the sequel is the saddest part of this romance of real life. The child, whose name is unknown to us, died among the Indians three weeks after its abduction. The cause we can only presume. The little fellow could not endure the coarse food, the barbarous usages, the exposures and privations of Indian life. This was at a camp near the place where Verdi now stands down the river. Lane left for California on the approach of snow, but returned in the spring in hopes to learn something of the child. The Indian, Joe, became frightened when the search began and found his way to Virginia City, and afterwards to eastern Nevada, and now lives at Belmont. He speaks English fluently, and sometimes chops wood for the whites. Thomas Molley, who was engaged as a miner there, now living at Truckee, vouches for the truth of this strange incident. He gave us the facts as he learned them from the Indian. The whole camp were too much frightened to return the child at the time and kept it. John Torrence, now of Sacramento, and at the time employed around the toll house of the lake, remembers the occurrence well, but lost the track of Lane.—*Truckee Republican.*

A Roman Banquet:

A description of a Roman banquet which took place about 75 B. C., on the ninth Calenda of September (mentioned by Macrobious Book ii., chap. xiii.), appears to be a suitable contribution to the literature of the season. This supper, which corresponded more nearly with the dinner of modern times, was given by Lentulus to celebrate his inauguration as Flamen Martialls, an officer who ranked among the flamines, second only to the Flamen Dialis. The company comprised seven of the pontifices, Q. Catulus, M. Æmilus Lepidus, D. Syllanus, P. Scævola Sextus, Q. Cornelius, P. Voluminius, P. Albinovus, C. Cæsar and L. Julius Cæsar, the augur. The party, however, was not confined to men. There were present four of the vestals, Popilio, Perpenia, Licinia and Arruncia, the remaining two of their colleagues were probably obliged to remain at the temple to attend the sacred fires, the wife of Lantilus, Publicia, the flamincia, and his mother-in-law, Sempronia. The presence of the vestals may occasion some surprise, but their positions were in many respects anomalous. The honors paid to them were remarkable. They were attended by a lictor when they went out, and even consuls and governors made way for them. They enjoyed a fair amount of liberty, and were allowed to walk about the city, to attend theaters and gladiatorial exhibitions, where the best place was reserved for them, and they were, as we see, sometimes at social entertainments. They were even able, after thirty years' service as vestals, to unconsecrate themselves, and to marry. The company at Lentulus' was arranged in three triclinia, with ivory couches. The pontifices occupied two of the triclinia, and the third was given to the ladies. From the incumbent position of the guests, who were said to lie in the bosom of each other, it would not have been decorous for the gentlemen to occupy the same couch with the ladies and it was indeed, only in the later days of Rome that the ladies adopted the custom of reclining at table. The repast generally commenced with the *antecænd*, for which it was usual to serve *horsod'ouevres* for the purpose of stimulating the appetite, but on this occasion the *antecœna* or *gustalio* contained some dishes which were tolerable solid. Raw oysters, several kinds of shell fish, thrushes, asparagus, fatted fowls, oyster patties, haunches of a goat and wild boar, and rich meat made into patties. For the *cœna* there was pork, wild boar, fish patties, pork pies, ducks, teal soup, hares, rich meats roasted, wheaten cakes and rolls. The conversation is not recorded, but it is hoped avoided painful and involved subjects, and confined their discourse to common topics of every-day life.—*Notes and Queries.*

OUR IMMIGRANTS.—There has been a falling off of about 33 per cent in the number of immigrants landed at Castle Garden in the past week, but the reports that reach New York from England show that there is a stronger tide of immigration setting hitherward from England than has ever been known before, and that the class of men coming is made up of hardy and thrifty Lancashire lads and farmers whom the Canadian colonial agents are urging to go to Canada. One party of Lancashire farmers who would have gone hither has gone to the remote wilds of Manitoba. They have property in England which they will sell to invest the proceeds in developing the resources of that country. Some intelligent men of this class recently came over as an advance guard, and, in conversation with the emigration officials here, they say that, in consequence of the depression of trade in Lancashire and the prospect of a small crop and a poor harvest, large numbers of operatives and farmers are ready to come to America. They express surprise that the pay of American laborers, which to them seems liberal, when so many Englishmen at home can get no work at all, should be made the subject of a strike, and, as for the demand for an eight-hour law, they say they think that a man ought to be allowed to work twelve hours a day if he wants to, and get paid for it, and to them it seems inconsistent with the boasted liberty of the country that a law should be passed limiting a man's hours of work, any more than a similar law should be made limiting his hours of rest.

The man who has been brought up on hog and hominy is the man who wants quail on toast when he strikes a hotel.

A Prosperous Firm.

That famous article, Jewett's pure boiled linseed oil, as well as Atlantic white lead, is for sale at the enterprising house of Coggins & Beach, 103 Front street. This firm is daily growing into popularity, and does an immense trade in window glass, brushes, varnishes, colors, window-blinds, and is also agent for Averill's mixed paints, renowned the world over. The prices are low, and superior inducements are offered by this house.

A Natural Interpretation.—Sunday-school teac